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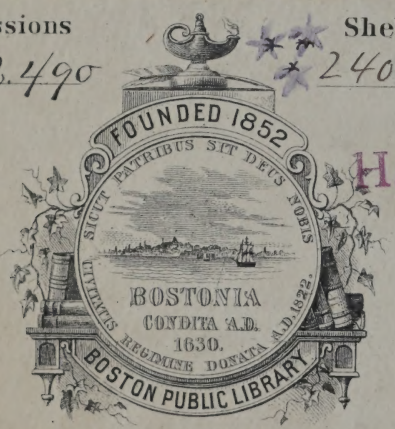


H. U.

GIVEN BY
Geo E. Emery,
Jan. 23, 1883.

Fifty Fugitives:

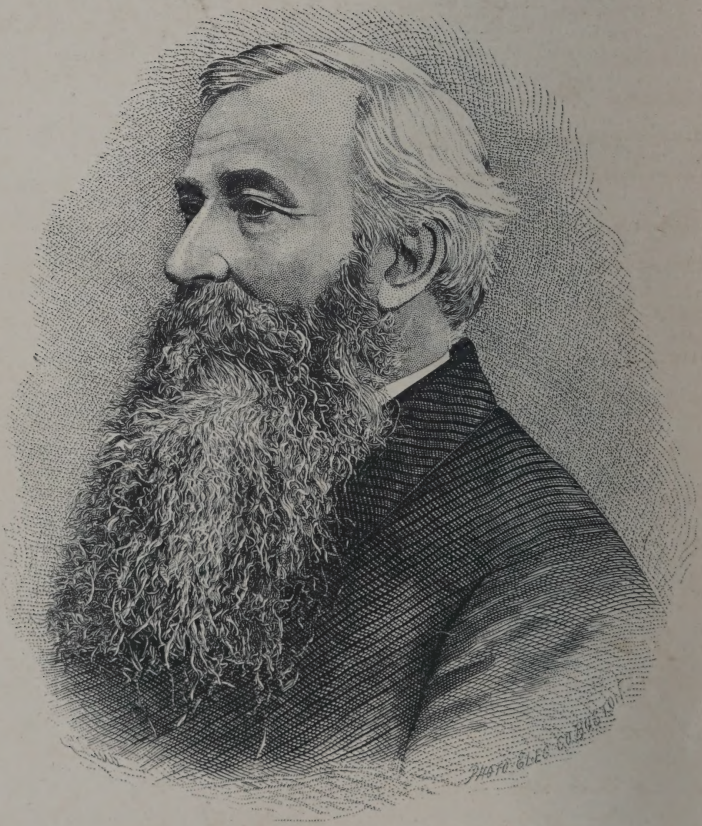
By

George Edwin Emery.

Lynn. Mass.

Poetic Clippings from various Papers & Periodicals.

Written prior to 1883.



Geo. E. Emery

— Born at East Andover N.H. 1828.

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[For the Lynn Transcript.]

Our Mountain Land.

Read for the writer, in his absence, by Gov. Charles H. Bell, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, at the late Anniversary meeting of that Association. (1882.)

Oh, happiest, scene-favored, brave, mountain land,
Where my heart still lingers while wanders my hand,—
I could not, nor would I, dear land of my birth,
Relinquish thy charms for all elsewhere on earth!

Thy wilderness glens are rich realms of delight,
Where scenes most enchanting enrapture the sight—
Earth giveth none fairer wherever the zone
Than art finds existing, New Hampshire, thine own!

Thy Pemigewasset by mountain and farm
Flows flashing with rapids and stretches of calm,
Wild Winnepesaukee, swift, constant and free,
Bears kiss of thy lake toward lips of the sea!

Bright Newichewannock and Contoocook rare,
Legion-milled Merrimack, Connecticut fair!—
What rivers in flowing all beauties combine
With a golden-gleam use more lustrous than thine!

What mountains cloud-rending far glorify thee,—
Grim hermits withdrawing from lure of the sea,—
Monadnock the grand, and the matchless Kearsarge,
While high in the north, loom thy largest of large!

Mount Washington proudly there sits in repose
With sandals of forest and chaplet of snows,
Mid mountains uncounted, that, hurricane-blown,
Wear mist for their garments, and all are thine own!

Bloom flowers in beauty appearing God's smile
From the joy of His thought on wide land or isle,
Yet flower-flame splendor no fragrance distills
More sweet than he pours on thy meadows and hills!

Outring to gray cities in far-away climes
Old bells their deep melody flowing in chimes,
But bells of thy steeples, O, north-land prolong
As sweetly soft echoes thy valleys among!

Free thought and free spirit ennoble thy men,
All virtues and beauty thy daughters attain!
God bless thee New Hampshire, while centuries roll!
No place is found fairer from tropic to pole!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Geo. E. Emery
322,490
Jan. 23, 1883

THE following poetic gem is from *Our Oracle*, a paper published in Lynn by the Young Men's Debating Society about twenty-five years ago:—

LITTLE BELL.

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

SWEET is the breath of the rose in June
In shade of the green wood straying;
So sweet was my darling, charming Bell,
With the leaves and the blossoms playing—
My merry, winsome, happy Bell,
Bell, with the blossoms playing.

Pure is the lily that scents the wave
Of the lakelet's azure flowing;
So pure the heart of my guileless Bell,
Not the shade of a dark thought knowing,
My bright-eyed laughing, fairy Bell—
Bell, with her ringlets flowing.

Gay are the birds in their forest home,
When their songs of love are singing;
So gay was my Bell the livelong day,
Her voice like the oriole singing—
My little laughter-loving Bell—
Bell with her bird-like singing.

Sad are the hues of fading woods,
When the autumn days are waning.
So sad, alas! in her springtime, Bell
Grew pale without complaining—
My dear-loved simple-hearted Bell,
Sweet Bell, whose days were waning.

Oh, cold is the wild November wind,
Through the leafless tree-tops sighing;
So cold the pang in my stricken heart,
When they told me that Bell was dying—
My fond endearing little Bell,
My Bell they said was dying.

Dark is the gloom of a starless night,
Ere cometh the dawning of day;
So dark is the weary path of life,
Since my darling passed away—
My early-lost, my angel Bell—
God will, not lost for aye!

...se to take,
...an to break!
...RGE E. EMERY.

WAYFARE.

FALLING as rain drops clear and round
Through spaces wide our years descend,
To rise in after-skies of thought
As prismic hues in sunlight blend.
Being counts but in other's joy;
Self-seeking we ourselves destroy;
Saving ourselves is vain device,
We lose it if we seek our price.

For in the highest height of life,
The outward and the seen above,
Need is not known of man or time
To round the perfectness of Love.
'T is one with Nature all in all
To be or not, to rise or fall
Ourselves, but weightless motes at most
In the illimitable lost.

Yet being, given, we are held
Nor to, or from, but as we learn;
And trial gives the even mean
Of have and lack or cold or burn.
The balance found, our course is straight;
To measure held or soon or late
By sateless must, that leads aright
How much so ere it mocks our sight.

Nor do our fretted days appear
In detail in the book of light;
Well to be, if the balance struck
Bespeak us clearly for the right.
Counting measure of instant years
Our scores are but a paltry boast;
We well and longest live who deem
Helping others helps us the most.

Serve not the past or future wait;
The only real thing is now;
Its meed allotted to us well,
With data clear for why and how;
So for light and peace to span,
Striving we answer Nature's plan,
And called to whence we were, we move
Ever upward through planes of love.

G. E. EMERY.

For the Transcript.

Bartemy Lake.*

Aye, rest thee calmly in thy wondrous bed,
Fair lake,
Pillow'd deftly on ferny bank and boulder stone,
Nor take
One tint of zenith blue or evening red
To mar the matchless emerald of thy pure zone!

So low among the cavern'd hills thy place,
So deep
The unconscious stillness of the surrounding woods,
Thy sleep
Hath no unrest, save silent, dreamlike trace
Of sweet annoy from breeze-flung kisses on thy floods.

Like some fair Saint, rare lake! in holy trance
Repose,
Enrapt by Heaven in beauty's spell; nor to man
Disclose
The secret springs that day by day enhance
Thy form, else waste and worn, to even-measured span.

Wild haunt of echoes clear and weird, thou art,
Still lake!
A mirror bright, for vainest maple, elm and pine,
That take
Their summer joy in ever largest part
From dainty, gently-pleasing compliments of thine.

One morn I saw thy beauty in thy sleep;
The hush
Of later dawn had come, that follows daybreak's jest
And gush
Of woodland song of birds, and thou did'st keep
A night-wove mist-veil softly drawn across thy breast.

A broken garland of white lilies lent
Thy brow
A grace and perfume rare, O modest, sweetest lake!
And now,
Though sadly lengthen'd years since then are spent,
I call the picture back of thicket, cliff and brake!

And now I see *Menomee's* pensive wraith
On high,
Gazing wanly from her stony niche to thy face;
Her eye
Forever droops to wait, in Indian faith,
Her lover hid by thee, and held from her embrace.

Nor Rome nor Athens ever held a form
In stone
More blent with tender, deep solicitude and love,
Than one
The trav'ler's eye beholds where wind and storm
Have wrought so well the forest maiden's fate to prove.

Enchanted lake, farewell! Thy romance keep
For aye;
While all who love thy beauty and its boon, confess
The day
They find thee brighter far than dreams in sleep
Had hinted days could measure light and happiness.

G. E. E.

Lynn, Mass., 1872.

* Peabody, Mass.

[Original.]

TACT.

The struggle of life is the battle of right,
With forces of ignorance, folly and wrong;
And tact is the winner, whenever the fight
Seems hopeless against an outnumbering throng;
The tree standing best is the one, you will find,
That bends without breaking, when swept by the wind—
Hence, while you must never true honor forsake,
Remember 'tis better to bend than to break!

The blinded enthusiast cannot accept
The lesson experience teaches him plain,
That curves in his back have a million times kept
His head from the joltings resulting in pain.
In life let necessity modify plan;
Failing absolute best, do the best you can,—
Remember, some sacrifice winners must make
To gain the best causes, and bend ere you break!

How many good men retard a good cause
While earnestly striving success to achieve,
They rate their own wills as immutable laws,
While wholly unable in tact to believe.
In absence of might, it is strategy wins,—
A fish cannot swim without flexible fins;
The practical course is the best course to take,
Remember 'tis better to bend than to break!

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, April, 1882.

4

Poetry.

For the Messenger.

SAPPHO.

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

On rocky Lesbos,—calmy beautiful, Greek-planted isle,—
In sea Aegean where waves cerulean smote the air,
Laving high cliffs, near five and twenty centuries erewhile
Stood rich and old Eresos, populous and builded fair.

Grave Pitacus, kingly, he of noble, wise-most seven,
A cunning deviser, philosopher, there ruled and schemed,—
There beside, Alcaeus gracious, poet-flame from heaven
Accepted, fed with truth, historic measures sang and dreamed.

There too heroic, strong Antimenidas dwelt, who slew,—
Preserving friends and freedom,—a treacherous, baleful foe.
Within Eresian walls lithe boys to manhood's fame upgrew
But were by later men forgot long centuries ago!

Yet over all, the most resplendent on thy scroll of fame,
Eresos fair, grey, ancient, cliff-perched city, written high
Still shines undimmed by time glorious Sappho's matchless name
Only with human thought, fame's self and star-homed souls to die!

Whether true by steep, Leucadian rock death-tryst she kept,
Doomed through love of loveless Phaon, recks not this age to learn,—
Enough the words that she from deepest love of nature swept
Her oversoulful, death-surviving harp with thoughts that burn!

These latest, modern ages know, oh, primal queen of song,—
Too little of thy spirit shrined in measures all thine own,
But still thy thoughts through years, successive minds attain, prolong
Unwritten down, as tides turned mist to inlands far are blown!

Immortal Sappho! Extatic one, loving nature far
In eld-time! Priestess of melody, kissing nature's soul!
Thy spirit pure around each mountain, rock, rill, bloom and star
Seems clinging yet as ever still away God's ages roll!

Lynn, Mass.

DAILY EVENING ITEM.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1882.

[Original.]

BEAUTIFUL LYNN.

A RHAPSODY.

City of gardens, homes and spires,
Oh, beautiful, notable Lynn!
Decked with lakes, hills, forest attires,
Rare, delightful, picturesque Lynn!
City of schools, best of the free,
City of rest set by the sea!
Oh, beautiful, beautiful Lynn!

City of workers, men of life,
Exceptional, prosperous Lynn,
Wherein springs an emulous strife
To better and beautify Lynn!
City of progress, comfort, wealth,
City of peace, piety, health,
Oh, busy and beautiful Lynn!

What fairer spot than this on earth!
Social, bright, intellignt Lynn!
Serious yet while loving mirth
Is rational, practical Lynn!
City where good works move apace,
City of kindly hearts the place,
Oh, beautiful, dutiful Lynn!

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

TO THE INFINITE.

BY GEO. E. EMERY.

How, O Presence, whence Nature springs,
Infinite Light, of light the source,
Power deeper than the lapse of space,
Abundant beyond time and place,
Shall thought attempt to scan Thy course,
Or grasp the mystery of things!

Eternal Force! Thought giving thought,
Being to be forevermore,
Thy fullness measures all o'er fill.
Within the leashes of Thy will
That hath not verge by space or shore
All human action must be brought.

Power Supreme, wherein we rest,
Nor lack for love that springs from Thee
Fountain alike of ill and good,
Nor diverse they except for mood
Of holy purpose, yet to free
Our clouded sight and make us blest.

Not far or long can we estray,
Spirit of Truth, beyond Thy road.
We hear Thy call within the soul
And soon or late, tend to Thy goal,
Thy purpose fill, our Father, God,
And so attain immortal day.

We haste to Thee, Eternal One
By thought and will and life aright
Expressed in all our devious ways,
Making fit use of earthly days,
And trust we, failing in our sight,
Thy Love, and say "Thy will be done"!

s, Mass., Feb. 5, 1872.

Cassius M. Clay.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Out from amid the beautiful hills,
Into delectable mountain heights;
Out and away from losses and ills
Into the realms of fadeless delights;
Out from earthly minority here
Into heaven's majority there;
Out from dreams that dimly appear
Into awaking measureless fair;
Out from all cumbering weights that harm,
Out from all hurriedness into all calm!
Who can but wish him joy with the blest,
Noblest endeavor, infinite rest!

GEO. E. EMERY.

[For the Lynn Transcript.]

Genevieve.

I.

Dear one—daughter—companion sweet!
No more, rare friend, thy springing feet
Along smooth beaches, bright and wide,
Wander with mine the sea beside!
No more they climb the mountain height
With me, for vaster, nobler sight
Is thine, beyond the veils and bars
Of life and death, among the stars!
What grandeur now beyond compare
With earthly splendor seen
Is thine forever there!

II.

Best friend! Immortal life is thine,
Where pain is past, where Love Divine
Admits no loneliness to thee,
While here I wander by the sea,
Or sit upon the cliffs alone
And hear the weary ocean moan,
Where, once, in summers long gone by,
Talking of life, sat thou and I,—
The life now thine,—its tranquil ways
We could but faintly guess
Or dream in those sweet days!

III.

My child! To see thee once again,
Although thyself but as a grain
Of diamond dust among the sands
Of all the earth's vast seas and lands,—
Grain after grain, still one by one
Till all are turn'd, all lands are done,—
Till ev'ry grain on ocean's floor
By tide or wave be brought to shore,
For thee I search! As God is sure,
My love from Him for thee
Shall long as He endure!

IV.

True soul! I know in space somewhere
Thou still hast being, pure and fair;
Thou still rememberest me to trace
My ways from out thy starry place!
How shall I find thy spirit home?
Teach me at death's release to come
Where'er thou art; there may I be
At last at home again with thee!
How sweet my rest then from the smart
Of present grief and loss,—
Rest from a broken heart!

GEO. E. EMERY.

6

Poetry.

[Written for the Lynn Transcript.]

The Nearer Way.

Through thankfulness, oh God, reach faithful hearts to thee,—
Tranquility reveals Thy face serene to me!
Kind words and helpfulness make bright my fellows' way,—
Whereby my footsteps too shall sooner reach Thy day!

Life's selfish pleasures clog, and longs the soul to stand
Beyond the grim turmoil of foul and dusty land;—
Oh, how my soul exults, 'mid woods or by the sea,—
Or, on Thy mountain-tops, so near, my God, to Thee!

What could all human hearts assuage from sorrow prove
Were not the way to Thee, made clear, oh, God, by love!
Amid the gloom of night when darkness shrouds the eye,
Where cautiously I walk, Thy paths through safety lie!

When evil days appall, and I, dear God, would be
From fear and pain released, nearer I press to Thee,—
Nearer in act, and thought of all thy wondrous ways;
And nearer yet by prayer,—still nearer through Thy praise.

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Mass.

AT THE BURYING OF THE URN. *

Here while with ashes this symbol urn filling,
All in fond memory treasure this name—
Lewis, the Bard, who through Nature's instilling
Struck the sweet harp string whose echo is fame.

Longer than urns or earth-beauties have being,
Love shall survive for our masters of song,
Splendors of forest will fade from our seeing,
But beauty and truth death's change shall prolong.

Over this valley with cool waters flowing,
May ever this name, Glen Lewis, well rest,
Close let it cling to the vale of his knowing
Till east has no sea, no sunset the west!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

* For Lynn Forest 1882.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

AFTER THE TUMULT, NIGHT AND REST.

Earth's day of tumult, triumph, loss is past,
Its effigy in all details is cast,—
A trampled field it shows, where actions led
By man's ambition, greed, and hate have trod,—
Antagonists of peace, and fought or fled
Beneath the scrutinizing eye of God;
Where hope and truth, sweet purity and love
Opposing vulture throngs have loosed the dove!
Oh Night! How thy pitying eyes, the stars,
Measure the wreck of conflict, while thy tears
Fall tenderly as dew on wounds and scars!
Thy gift is rest and sweet presage of years
To be, by all thy glory spread above,
When victory shall crown the brow of love!

Lynn. GEO. E. EMERY.

Poetry.

[Written for the Lynn Transcript.]

Light Eternal—Shadows Fleeting.

God, Love, Light, are one; the Good, ultimate of all,
Whatever else may be but relative appears;
The sun seems poising steadfast;—'tis our rolling ball
The earth, whose night-thrown, shuttling shadows weave the years.
Our changing days are mottled hours of light and shade;
Time unreal is; flow events through nothingness;
The solid rock in grandest mountain peaks arrayed
Is vapor soft, unseen where'er released from stress.
What is, was, ere actual, but pure ideal
From God's abyss of origin evolving real!
Evil is but shadow, negation, darkling sky,
For heaven's star-truths revealing, background for Good,
Glory's needful contrast, until man's inward eye
Shall clearly see as seen and know as understood!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, April 28, 1883.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

INVOCATION.—

Teach me, O God, thy constant will,
Teach me thy way!
Guide my wandering steps from ill,
Guide day by day!

Kindle my listless soul with love,
With tender grace;
Let me in all things as they move
Behold thy face!

Oh, let me, Father, find thy hand,
Dark is the way;
Alone I cannot see or stand,
Support, I pray!

Dear Heart of Life! oh, let my rest
In service be;
May all my thoughts be footsteps prest
In paths to Thee!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Faithful Forever.

"Faithful unto death"! my soul be more!
Oh, faithful still forever be
To the friends who are true to thee,—
The dear, old friends on the unseen shore!

All too brief the trust that ends with breath,—
Life's course may reach but year or hour!
To death? Nay! God give me power
Yet by faithfulness to conquer death!

Faithful forever my soul be thou
To immortals who changeless be!
Time is one with eternity,—
One with duration be righteous vow.

Faithful in life, death, forevermore!
My soul o'er change a victor be!
God wavers not! The friends to thee
Abide in truth on the better shore!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Suggestions.

EPITAPHIC LINES.

A man immortalized.

Though passed from earthly light
He cannot lose the way.

Our darkness to the dead is light.

From earth's transient night to heaven's eternal day.

Only dust lies here,
The soul it held hath found a fairer sphere.

Our tears will fall, ourselves we pity. Thou, whose dust lies here, hast no need for pity or for tears!

From weariness to rest.

Thou God knowest all is well.

Dust to dust, soul back to heaven.

From earth's vanities to the glory of all spiritual activities.

From human tumult to the peace of Divine tranquility.

Somewhere, sometime all wrongs by God's good hand are righted.

Asleep below? Nay! Death is but resurrection.

Now life indeed is thine!

Forget us not who here yet wait.

Planted on earth,
Blooming in heaven.

A noble life now nobler made.

Bear us in remembrance
Who yet remain below.

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

God's blessing on thy noble soul,
My earnest heart invokes,
O, poet of Amesbury vales,
Wise bard of Danvers oaks!
We heard thy call to slavery
"Unloose the thralling hand!"
Held high to guide slow liberty
Thy torch lit up the land!

What bugle call like thine has rung
To rouse a sleeping age!
Thine the dearest poet name
On freedom's measured page!
Thy heart diffused in melody
Has poured in ear of wrong
Till tyrants taught and bigots changed
Applaud thy faithful song!

O, happy prophet, kept to see
Thy day of inner sight
Break in splendor o'er the land
To know no whelming night!—
May paths now hallowed by thy feet
Reach fields that never fade!—
May time spare long the voice so much
Of graciousness has made!

Lynn. 1882. GEORGE E. EMERY.

THE LORD OF ALL.

All hours are thine, most Holy One,—
Each day for needful act or fast!
We claim no truant privilege
To serve self first and Thee at last!

Shall we but meanly pay Thee tythes?
Thee, who hast made us form and soul!
Thy faithful children render back
To Thee, O God, no grudging dole!

While thou art wisely Lord of All
And we, Thy guests, find table set,
How can we rudely seize Thy feast,
Or that all things are Thine forget!

Oh, lead us from our narrowness!
Teach us to see Thee as Thou art,—
To render always unto Thee
Full, undivided days and heart!

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, March, 1882.

Original Poetry.

The Difference.

I.

HE WHO LOST.

While I here sit at eve in warmth and light
Alone, beside the hearth-fire's dancing glow,
Thou, absent one, still loved, art cold and white
Mid leafless trees, beneath the frozen snow!

With pity and with pain I think of thee,
While chill and sad the dreary night winds moan!
Could loving words with light and warmth still be
Thine dear, in death, mine all should be thine own!

Alas! Why should the silent, cruel grave
Hold thee from life and my fond, shelt'ring arms?
God keeps thee safe, where Summer grasses wave,
Where Winter storms and frosts bring no alarms!

II.

SHE WHO GAINED.

How clear the days of earth-ways I recall!
How strange and brief that primal living seems!
Now, life supreme is mine! Oh, would that all,
Who grope below, could leave at once their dreams!

Still, here where glory hath no measured bound,
Where yet, from lack, there is no need to pray,
I some way seem to hear a plaintive sound
Like tones of grief, from earth, afar away!

Oh, Joy! How soon the dear ones left below,
Where my pale form was laid in dust away,
Shall come, to join these hosts, and fully know
Gods boundless love, and blissful, endless day

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Nov. 18, 1882.

Speak Out!

Speak! O, faithfully speak! for, what you may say
If spoke opportunely and aptly may prove
To possibly plant a good thought by the way
That shall help, though but little, some ill to remove!

Though common-sense teaching to fools is folly,
Be frank and be faithful, help these if you can;
By cheerfullest words relieve melancholy,
Be ready to answer thy neighboring man.

Say what you may know, if saying will aid,
Nor mind the low sneers of base, idiot throngs,
Intelligence need not be dumb or afraid;
It relegates Ignorance to where it belongs.

Oh, speak out for temperance, nobleness, truth,—
Lose never one chance here to advocate good,
Defend pure religion, give knowledge to youth,
Show ease of right living, through evil withstood!

Speak words of encouragement sweet to the faint!
Talk too of God's wisdom and love to the young!
Plead for rational faiths nor heed the complaint
Of those yet to whom superstition has clung.

Speak for true freedom! Boldly speak for the right,
And answer high nature's demand for a man!
Be now God's intended brave soul in the fight,
Through righteousness conquer the wong if you can.

Speak kindly to strangers who know not the way,
Bless those who are lowly with thoughts that shall raise;
Forget not the dying! Go, hopefully pray,
Help the pale lips of fear, breathe gladness of praise.

Speak ever not only by tongue, but by life,
Speak gently, discreetly, then trust for the best,
Speak peace in life's tumult, bring calm to its strife,
Speak faith in God's love that at last shall give rest!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Sept. 9, 1882.

[For the Lynn Transcript.]

Shakespeare.

Not idly, for applause or fame alone,
O, god-like worker, genius sublime,—
Nor yet for sordid ends thy soul-fire shone
To light the long course of remotest time:
Not for tyrant, bigot or cunning knave,
Nor to oppress the poor or bind the slave
E'er swept thy hand the harp of human thought;—
Thine, clear the aim, what greater yet hath been
To hold life's mirror to the eyes of men!
What sage or bard like thee hath ever taught
The subtleties of wrong, the depth of love,—
High strength of truth and vanity of pride?
The ages yield thee praise, all praise above
Who taught life's moral as none have beside!

1882. GEORGE E. EMERY.

Original Poetry.

As to Creeds.

All creeds are wrong that weaken love,
The love of beauty truth and good,
Of man, pure life, sweet peace and God!
A prophet's ladder love shall prove
Connecting earth with heaven above.

All creeds are vain that bring not peace,
The peace of knowledge, hope and rest,
Forbearance, patience, faith and trust,
The peace of God that will not cease
In hearts that grow by love's increase.

All creeds are false that libel God;—
That hold him changeful, hateful, base,
That teach He made, to curse, a race!
Beliefs blasphemed as naught else could
Ere man had learned God is but good!

All creeds are wise that teach but love,
For God is love, not hate disguised!
Malignant creeds men have devised
Are not of God, He from above
Descends no vulture, but the dove!

1882. GEORGE E. EMERY.

10

Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

SNOW BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

Come, sing, merry snow-birds,
  Though Winter is here;
O, sing me a lesson
  Of courage and cheer!
Sing still though the snow flies,—
  Sing yet in the storm,—
Sing frost into water-drops,—
  Sing yourselves warm!

How gaily you flit about,
  Never in gloom!
To you the white snow-drifts
  Are gardens in bloom.
So merrily twittering
  All the day long.
I wonder who taught you
  Such snatches of song!

Though clouds hover darkly,
  They bring no alarm,—
The wind cannot catch you,
  The dark will not harm.
The storm is your merry-bout—
  That must be true,—
Chill Winter is good time
  As any to you.

Ah! This is your secret,—
  God gave you I know,
The song you are chirping,
  Your love for the snow.
Your hearts beat so warmly
  That never one chill
Has cold that can harm you
  By valley or hill.

Oh, may I remember
  When troubles abound,
The song of the Snow-Bird,
  The cheer in its sound!
Though dark may the day be
  Or gloomy the storm,
To fill life with happiness,
  Keep the heart warm!

GEO. E. EMERY.

As the Brahmin Sees.

[For the Transcript.]

Think while you can, O mortal man!
  Taste all life's sweetest juices;
'T was ever so,—from thoughts they flow,
  And that is what their use is.

Thought never sleeps nor vigil keeps
  Beneath the blooming daisies;
With life it springs, its music sings,—
  In death is lost its praises.

His thought that planned sky, sea and land,
  And thrilled forgotten nations,
Gives to the dark each shining spark
  Of outward scintillations.

Thought is life and life is thought,—
  Each with the other ceases.
Time's lapse, alas! brings naught to pass,
  Nor pain nor joy increases.

Accept the earth for what 't is worth,—
  A glorious feast of manna;
And crown the sweet of life complete
  In lifeless peace,—*nirvana!*

Lynn, Dec. 10. G. E. E.

[Original.]

WEARING AS WE WEAVE.

Hour by hour, and day by day,
Life's mystic moments fade away;
Time makes no haste and no delay
  For flower or man or star.

The loom of life weaves right on
Though well or ill our threads are spun—
We shall wear as our work is done,
  Be it worthless, be it good.

Shall life's fabric show design?
Shall it be beautiful and fine—
Something worthy of loom divine
  Or only a useless web?

God gives thee truth, reason, hope,
Sympathy, vigor zeal and scope
Of love's strong arm each day to cope
  With malice, deception, wrong.

Oh, weave thee well all given;
Death clothes us as we have striven—
Weave thy life-web meet for heaven—
  Weave it strong and beautiful!

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, April, 1882.

For the Messenger.

The Island of Dreams.

The night side of life holds the ocean of sleep
Surrounding the island of dreams,—
The wonderful region of dreams,
While from reverie's mountains, misty and steep,
We softly afar catch its mystical gleams—
That isle of the nowhere, the province of dreams!

From the shores of reality who has not sailed
To ideal harbors of dreams,—
The magical kingdom of dreams,—
There shallops arriving by music are hailed,
There melodies float in the foam of the streams
From blossom-lit hills by the valleys of dreams!

Fair land of enchantment where mystery reigns—
The isle of delectable dreams!
O strange, indescribable dreams!
What wizard transformers there magnify gains,
Weave deftly, impossible doings and schemes
In wondrous abyss of intangible dreams!

Oh, land unsubstantial, not heaven or earth,
But midway, the island of dreams,—
Delusively sweet world of dreams,—
There fancy enkindles rare wisdom and mirth,
There sunshine through happiness evermore beams
In realms of the nowhere,—sweet island of dreams!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Mass.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

OVER ALL.

When fierce the midnight tempest rages
On whelming sea and trembing land,
When force with force a contest wages
At nature's high and stern command,
When lightnings blaze and thunders boom
And mountains jarring threat to fall
We know that still, whate'er the gloom
God's tranquil calm broods high o'er all!

Above the tumult and confusion
Of man's uproarious, stormy strife,
There waits a peaceful, sweet conclusion
Of rest to crown his weary life!
When storms assail to wreck us here
Though earth seems gloom and skies a pall,
We know God's love will banish fear,—
His peace is always over all!

Lynn, Mass. GEORGE E. EMERY.

Poetry.

For the Messenger.

A TRAVELER'S SHAWL.*

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

Only a blanket deep mottled with brown,
Crossed with bright border lines, fluffy as down,
Thick-woven and mellow, warm and most rare,
Twined from fine fleeces as soft as the air!

Only a travel-shawl outward it seems,—
Yet full 'tis inwove with a thousand dreams:
Its wool came far from wild Santa Cruz hills
To the dyes and looms of magical mills.

These softly luxurious folds have blent
Comfort with safety and restful content
For me and for mine through many a year
In camp and cottage, by forest and mere!

On a steamship's deck from the midnight breeze
This wrap has preserved me on star-lit seas!—
How memory wakes and sweetly retells
When heard I in dreams Saint Brandau's lost bells!

In Erin, that bright, fair isle of the sea,
This treasured, rare shawl was faithful to me,—
Through castle and cabin, borne everywhere,
From Peaks of Kerry to plains of Kildare!

In Wales at Llauberis 'twas spread at night,
It screened from the winds on Snowdon's cold height,—
I slept in its woof by Windermere side
And gazed from its folds o'er the North Sea wide!

In Scotland on mountain and moor 'twas laid,
And o'er bright heather at wild Inversnaid,
And, spread for a seat neath light of the moon
By fair Loch Katrine and banks of the Doon!

Through Normandy vales this blanket has been,—
What need to rehearse all lands it has seen!
Enough! I hold it most tenderly fast
Pictured with memories rich of the past!

---

* That I used in Europe.

12

EVENING TRANSCRIPT

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1882.

THE LIGHTS OF NAHANT.

[For the Transcript.]

Whelming around the world, the tide of day has passed,
The mystic spell of night o'er land and sea is cast,
The new and curving moon, gondola ne'er foot-prest,
Lies stranded high on starry sands amid the west.

Beyond the Swampscott rocks and cliffs of fair Nahant
Seem earth and sky chaos where ocean dips aslant;
A swelling wave of gloom sweeps landward wide and high—
Its foam of constellations gleams athwart the sky.

Lynn drowsing lies between its forest hills and shore,
Its daily tumult past, save where slow surges roar,
While stretching 'long the sands a phantom region seems
Blending earth and action with life's delusive dreams.

Here, 'twixt the bay and sea, where wave and wind have tossed
Sands from rocks primeval and salt weeds to the coast,
Out-gleaming and far-strung, a necklace worn by Night,
Nahant's long line of lights is set serenely bright!

'T is vision rare and strange, a marvel'd, deep surprise
To hasters on the land, to far-off sailor eyes!
Guarding-angels nightly here watching seem to be,
Where on thy beach, Nahant, soft lights link Lynn and thee!

Lights of benediction, where end both sea and land,
Ye flash across my soul to memory's island strand
Where rest the friends who trod with me long since this shore—
They hear thy lapsing waves, Nahant, and Lynn's, no more!

Lynn, Mass. GEORGE E. EMERY.

1882.

Original Poetry.

Who Never Were.

What glorious throngs are they, the souls,
The perfect ones, who might have been!
The myriads on those unthought stars
Where nothing is, where sound no silence jars,
Where life ecstatic shall unfold
Unvexed by earthly heat and cold
Or sorrow, weakness, loss or sin!

Oh, pure, immortal hosts that yet
No form partake, so far above
The bane of earthly wretchedness!
Ye ne'er will know our pangs of deep distress
Or dream the weary ills that bind
Our primal forms, this human mind
Preceding your high meed of love!

How midnight thought swings ope its gates
Revealing part your being's mood!
Your radiant forms, celestial grace,
Your strength sufficing ever-endless space,
And glimpses that no eye has caught
Where realms of light outmeasure thought!
What words can make it understood!

Who never were! Who still shall be!
Our spirit eyes shall yet behold
Almighty wisdom setting forth
Your being, living, doing, glories, worth,
Now dwelling all enwrapped, unwrought
In God's supreme, unspoken thought
As earthly prophets ne'er have told!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Sept. 13, 1882.

BRILLIANTS.

SHELTERED AT LAST.

[For the Transcript.]

Sheltered at last from life's thousand alarms,
From lights that but dazzle, from darkness that harms,
Sheltered from sorrow, from pit-falls of doubt,
All vainness within and temptation without,
While losing no impress that beauty has made—
Retaining the sweets of all culture essayed—
Possessing the strength of all truth here attained—
Bearing the treasures of memory gained,
Supported by faith, oh, immortal of birth,
Adding glories unseen to harvest of earth!
Oh, why should we wish the dead back here again?
Why, why do our hearts still persist in their pain,
And selfishly grieve for the loved who are blest?
Why mourn for the weary in heaven at rest?
The gateway to silence, wherever it be,
In hamlet or city, on land or on sea,
Is portal of shelter from pain and alarm,
Is a refuge from loss, a harbor of calm;
And the peace and glories that refuge reveal,
All woundings of loss and of sorrow shall heal!
Bear nobly thy trouble—God's will is the best.
Resolute struggle wins tranquilest rest;
The dear ones we miss so, their pains are all past.
Rejoice! Divine love giveth shelter at last.

GEORGE E. EMERY.

For the Messenger.

By the Dead.

Oh, change of one short hour!
Alas!—Oh, glorious!
Victim of death's power
Risen victorious!

Weeping our loss we sing
Farewell!—Hail! Immortal!
Go, gloom! What glories spring
Around the death portal!

But yesterday living!
To-day gone forever!
For taking and giving
Of earth again never!

Pass, O body, to dust,
Soul safely in heaven!
We linger yet and trust
Change soon to be given!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Original Poetry.

[For the Lynn Transcript.]

The Glory of Being.

Oh, the glory of being,—our being!
How it sometimes unfolds to clear seeing,—
The mystical truth that we live;—
From out the invisible wrought,—
Here sprung from the depth of God's thought,
With soul to forever receive
From hand that will endlessly give!

Oh, the splendors of earth for beholding,—
Ceaseless wonder of beauty's unfolding,—
Pure sweetness o'erwhelming in love!
Everywhere good without measure,—
God's inexhaustible treasure
Of truth in our future to prove,
And mystery's veil to remove!

Faint are the words that our mortal tongues speak,
Inexpressive and dull, reachless and weak!
How they seem to souls that can feel!
Sometime in lapse of forever
Speech shall respond to its Giver
In language that death shall reveal,
Through lips that God's touch shall unseal!

Oh, the glory of being,—life's being!
Of our feeling and thinking and seeing,
Of striving vain follies above!
Oh, souls! Be strong in endurance!
Rest in the noble assurance,—
Existence shall finally prove
The measureless peace of God's love!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Mass., July 1882.

As he was.

(Robert Ramsdell.)

He was a placid man,
Content with tranquil ways,
His staff of strength, full trust in God;
When skies were dark or rough the road,
His life a gentle song of praise!

He was a man of peace,
Serene and pure as truth;
The tumult of the times he knew,
But storms to him fell soft as dew,
Nor lost his soul the bloom of youth.

He was a careful man,
Mild, tender, helpful, just—
A cherisher of all good deeds
As he saw place or time or needs—
Such souls, such lives, survive the dust.

G. E. EMERY.

Where is Baby Now?

Oh, tell me, dark, starry-eyed mystical Night,
Where yet do ye hide my dear baby away?
Confess to my lonely heart, where in the light

My loved one is lost in thy brightness, O, Day!
Say, Dews, do ye fall whence my darling has flown?
Oh, Winds, past her home in far skies have ye blown?

Wild, wandering Storms, that o'ersweep from that sea,
Where Summer unceasing holds beautiful sway,
Where glorious isles, yet discovered to be,
With fragrance and melody lade the long day,
Have ye passed far above, left scatheless some shore
Where baby is waiting to meet me once more?

Confide to me, Flowers, whence perfumes ye bring!
My child must have found the hid realms ye have known!
Oh, where is that land of invisible Spring
To which, from thy telling, she softly hath flown?
Oh, lavish thy beauty and spare not thy sweet,—
Entice back to earth her ethereal feet!

Nay! Leave beyond planets and dreams the pure soul
That loved me so well in the days that are fled!
I will wait until silence revealeth her goal,—
In measureless mystery safe are dead!
Be patient my heart nor yet break thee for pain,—
In God's welcome time I shall meet her again!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Nov. 26, 1882.

AN INVOCATION.

BY G. E. EMERY.

Oh, thou Eternal One
Who holdeth in thy hand the sun,
Who walketh mid the stars,
Thy light pour forth to me
That I may yet more clearly see
Where darkness now debars!

Reach, O Almighty arm,
And shield thy trembling child from harm;
I need thy saving hand!
Unless thy love sustain,
How shall I e'er high paths attain?
Thy will how understand?

O Spirit ruling all,
Whom we of earth Our Father call,
Unseal my blinded eyes!
Let me behold thy way;
Guide me yet safely unto day;
Oh, teach me to be wise!

AN ASPIRATION.

BY G. E. E.

Thy gifts, O God, my Father, here I hold
With fear and trembling in thy sight;—
Let me, like faithful men of old,
Responsive prove to stress of inward light!

Let me go helpful forth through desert hours
To dig for men Oasis wells
Where they amid sweet blooming flowers
May waters drink from far celestial dells!

Oh, fill my days with willing work for thee!
May I Thy message humbly bear
To set some grieving captives free
From walls of doubt and bonds of needless fear!

So, when my helping hand shall cease at last,
And my strong heart shall move no more,
May I, earth's labors all o'erpassed,
Find thou hast efforts new for me in store!

Lynn, Mass.

For the Messenger.

By the Sea.

I stood beside the sea where sands were spreading wide,
Waves were flowing rhythmic by touch of wind and tide,
Sweeping surges breaking in foam with flash and roar
Lapsed in light and splendor that bathed the sloping shore,—
Waiting there and dreaming of friends in silence lost
The past swept over breaking mem'ry's mystic coast,—
Past that cannot be again, but, like echo spell
Lingers within the *soul* as sea-tones haunt the shell!—
Clear waves rise, flash and break, once only each appears,
So they who reach immortal shores are done with time and years.
Seas shall last, life survive while waves and men shall wane,—
Outward forms dissolve away, force and thought remain;—
Forever gone from shape are diswrought waves of sea,—
Our friends whose forms are lost exist in mystery!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Mass.

For the Merrimack Journal.

ANDOVER. N. H.

My native town, O, Andover!
Beloved thy mountains, woods and rills
When I have passed beyond the stars,
Can I forget thy lakes and hills?

Shall I not sometime come again
And linger in thy tranquil vales,
Or stand upon thy crags and heights
O'er which the lonely eagle sails?

Amid its banks of hill and plain
Blackwater's sheeny curves shall gleam,
And all thy beauties I shall see
As in the glamour of a dream.

Kearsarge shall stand, forever firm
In lonely grandeur, bold and high,
While near, the Ragged Mountain peaks
Uplifted cleave thy northern sky.

O dearest, fairest mountain town!
Nor time, nor death, nor widest space
Shall waste or mar my love for thee,
Or aught reveal to take thy place.

I shall retrace thy woodland ways,
Thy lakes and fields more clearly see;
And, as eternal ages pass
Old friends and new shall come with me!

1880.

(Written for the "Northern Gazette.")

PUSH.

Push,—push a-head
To glory,
Like men of old
Whose tales are told
In story.

Push,—push a-head,
And your name,
Fore'er enroll
Upon the scroll
Of old fame.

Push,—push a-head
To success;
Struggle ever,—
Yielding never,
Time will bless.

Push,—push a-head
To the prize;
You can win it
If you mean it,—
So, be wise.

Push,—push a-head,
"Make a strike!"
If you *will it* —
You can *be it*—
What you like!

1882.

[Original.]

FORM AND SOUL.

I feel thou art, breathed form to the soul,
Reveal me our whence and yet why!
We seem but one—what is our goal?
Is the secret all search to defy?

The soul replied, Lo, I am that one,
A shadow that passes art thou!
Form is mist dispelled by the sun,
Why and whence may God only avow.

Then sighed form—Shall I know thee no more
Than while I here gather this breath?
Must I cease on hithermost shore,
Yield, while thou art triumphant o'er death?

True, sad reply. Invisible life
Only waits the soul's overcross,
Cessation o'erwhelming thy strife,
Thou, dear form, shalt not realize loss!

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

Lynn, Oct., 1882.

16.

[Original.]

MY TURN NOW.

AN "OWED" TO THE SEA (REMEMBERING TWO DAYS IN A CYCLONE).

O, you world-washing, grinning, obstreperous sea;
Ogre twisting up faces at the calm-eyed strand;
Shrugging your huge shoulders at the pallid, lone moon;
Leering, sneering at clouds till they fade in a swoon;
Reeling, reckless in froth by the lines of the land!
O, the hard-drinking, bloated, lush-swaggering sea;
Bar-thumping, drunk with the wine the rivers outpour;
Maudlin or wild-howling with deafening uproar!

Collapse! Cease this daft raging, O hippogrif sea!
Put your clammy, dank feet to the sides of the sun;
Press about your weird head glaciers many a one;
Till sleep, the racketer's friend, brings peace to your soul,
O, cantankerous ocean, sky-mocking, lithe sea.
Fierce magician abysmal, inviter of storm,
O, may volcanoes boil you until you reform!

Hideous sea—staid planets gaze down in alarm!
O crafty, enticing, cringing, dissolute sea!
Your bold follies wring dew tears from night's starry eyes.
Pure morn, modest eve, blush red through sensitive skies,
Till the beautiful land from your grasp is set free!

O Solomon, Henry VIII. (and such fellows)! sea,—
Let the continents rest, leave the islands alone,
"Go West" rank sea, or south to some welcoming zone!

Bulgy, behemoth, icthiosaurian sea—
Your kindred souled spooks poke about in your ooze!
What boojums, finned goblins, gelatinous snarks,
What wave-sawing serpents, what grim, epicure sharks
Haunt, ransack your dominions as far as they choose!
Ah! stupendous old smasher, I speak of—the sea!
He abused me once, badly; I privately swore
To express what I thought, should I ever reach shore)!

Rock-eating, bilious, swooping, ship-gulping sea!
Greedy miser, who hid through long ages our land!
Weed-chewing, green eyed, foam-bearded old Maelstrom King,
Breeder of sculpins, cuttle-fish, any foul thing;
Inventor of nausea that few can withstand;
What mischief, joy, danger, lurk, O Belzebub sea
In the smirk of your smile; in the frown of your brow!
So, traitorous sea, go! I am square with you now.

—GEORGE E. EMERY.

Glenmere, Lynn, Feb. 21, 1882.

Original Poetry.

A Little More Light.

NIGHT SONG OF THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER PILOT, FLORIDA.

A lill mo' light! pile on de knots,
De dark am a chokin' up the way,—
Ef yer don't light de ribber
I nebber can discobber
Where de track of de ole bote lay!
Ho, a lill mo' light! Bang dat bell!
Punch up de blaze right away!
Dere's nuffin like a light
When steerin' in de night
An its darkes' allers jess afo' day!

Blaze up de light oberhead dar!
Aless we be runnin in de mud!
Who's goin' to be turnin'
Wen torches ain't aburnin'
Round de crooks in de lonesome wood!
Heave on de kindle! Slam dat bell!
A bote's awatin' ter pass,—
So den stir up de light,—
I'll run de Okkum right
As Noah did de arkum in de flood!

A lill mo light, coax up de fire!
We's getting troo de worst I can say!
Dem was alligators boss
We jess hab dragged across
Dat's sleepin' in de old botes way!
Dat's jess de light! Smash on de bell!
It's tother bote waits for me!
Dere's nuffin' like a light
Wen steerin' froo de night,—
'Tis de darkess allers jess afo' day!

Lynn, Sept. 13, 1882. E.

17

A Church Fair.

Original.

A BIT AT BLARNEY.

Romantic and Practical.

BY GEORGE E. EMERY.

MOTHER.

Me daughther, why gazin' at naught,
Neglecthin' the web that I gave?

DAUGHTER.

Oh, mither, dear Mike had me thought,—
How sthill can I love so and wave?

MOTHER.

But worruck, me dear, must be done,—
Love thoughts are dalusions at bist;
The wool were the betther not spun
If looms are left creekin' at rist!

DAUGHTER.

Yis, thrue for ye, mither, but still
It's thinkin' I'm doin' jist now
Whin father came young round the hill
Ye stopt betimes milkin' the cow!

MOTHER.

Och, hist now, darlin', it's betther
Thim follies be laid on the shilf!

DAUGHTER.

Yis, thrue, since ownin', dear mither,
Ye know jist the feelin' yersilf!

MOTHER, ASIDE.

It's comfort to know the distriss
That's the swate and plague o' her life
Won't whurrul her head with such bliss
Whin setthled with Mike as his wife!

INVITATION. (*Impromptu.*)

COME to the Fair, friends, come to the Fair,
Invitingly call we wherever you are,
Christmas is coming, and then the New Year,
You may be all prepared, if you visit Glenmere!*

Come to the Fair, ye fathers and mothers,
Come old folks and young folks, sisters and brothers,
With our hearts in our hands, we reach to receive you,
(If your pockets are heavy, we trust to relieve you!)

Come to the Fair from near and from far,
On foot, or by omnibus, by carriage or car;
The distance is nothing, nor mind ye the weather,
We shall have a "nice time" when gathered together!

Come ye from Saugus, fair vale of the river;
(Young man, you've a "sweetheart," buy something to give her),
Come ye from West Lynn, from gardens and trees;
We are sparing no pains every patron to please.

Come from the Highlands o'erlooking the sea,
Examine our church, it is neat as can be,
Come from the common, avenues, squares,
All loving the harmless amusement of fairs!

Come too from Swampscott along by the sea,
Marblehead, Salem, and fair Peabody;
We hope to exchange hearty greetings with all;
Reader, we mean you, accept ye the call!

Come, from ancient Woodend progressive and strong,
Come from Wyoma, the bright lakes among,
From Bow street the cozy, to Broad street the grand,
From Boston street, South street, hillside and strand.

Come to the Fair from Sagamore hill,
High Rock and Essex street, Summer as well;
Come friends from everywhere, give us good cheer,
Anticipate Christmas and come to Glenmere!

* in Lynn, Mass

[Original.]

AS TO SCROOGE.

I met old Scrooge where mountain peaks stood nigh, one summer day,
And praised the heights,—he said—"Confound 'em all, they're in the way!"
"What lovely vales," I cried, "how beautiful the streamlets flow!"
He only grinned and asked,—"How's butter sellin' down below?"

Old Scrooge would rather far possess a bristly sow and boar
Than all the genius Shakspeare had or all Thitoric lore!
What use to him philosophy,—it has no price per cord,—
A peck of turnips is to him worth more than Cæsar's sword!

How dull the shrivelled soul of Scrooge,—how pitifully mean!
Just vegetating with the corn, nought felt or known or seen,—
Science to him a myth or fog,—thinkers a useless fry,—
The sun, however, good for wheat, the moon to butcher by!

When Scrooge is dead and buried deep beneath some sorrel sod
He will not be forgot at last, by kind, all-seeing God,—
Omnipotence can pick him up, perhaps discover soul,
And graciously develop it while endless ages roll!

So Scrooge will crawl in dirt through time, truly a worm of earth,—
Though man in shape, scarce one in fact, a soul with only birth;
No matter what you say or do, no help for Scrooge is found
In science, art or history, or aught above the ground!

—GEO. E. EMERY.

Lynn, March, 1882.

The Happy Two Met Everywhere.

She is full of love and sweetness,
He of hope, affection, vigor,—
Wealth is theirs though not of money,—
Richer hearts must first be bigger!

Who can see them young and handsome,
Each the whole world to the other,
And not wish them Heaven's blessing,
Life's delights without its bother!

On a Summer pathway walk they,—
Up mountain heights climb they afar,—
She a fragrance, he the flower,
She a twinkle, while he the star!

Love so oft is morning's glory!
Withhold thy haze, O noonday sun!
Glow skies, with tranquil beauty fair,
Until their day of life be done!

GEORGE E. EMERY.

For THE HAWKEYE.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

GEORGE E. EMERY.

A katydid, a whip-poor-will,
A bobolink and mouse,
One summer day in merry play
Set up a boarding house.
The katy did a welcome bid
To those who came to eat,
The bobolink could never think
To give a guest a seat;
The mouse so sly ate every pie
The whip-poor-will could make;—
So when they all dined in the hall
They had but Johnny-cake!
Said Katydid, "I like the bill";
"I too," said Whip-poor-will;
"All do, I think," said Bobolink,
"But what says Mister Mouse?"
The mouse could speak a little squeak,
So he says, "If you please,
With cake and song, you get along;—
Let me have pie and cheese."

Then Katydid and Whip-poor-will
And Bobolink and Mouse,
Concluded such a plan was best
To keep a boarding house!

There came an owl, and with a growl
He asked to "have a room";
The katydid went off and hid
Behind a Shaker broom;
The whip-poor-will had gone to mill,—
But two were in the house,—
The bobolink began to think
He'd better call the mouse.
Then came the mouse and with a squeak
He said, "Grand Sir, I guess
We cannot board an owl for less
With room and cake sir, (if you please
Our boarders have no pie and cheese,)
Than dollars two, a week."
The owl looked very grave and wise
And tried to shut his eyes;
(Awful ones that seemed unloosed),
"Too-whit! Too-who! That will do,—
Now show me up to roost!"

The owl and mouse went up the stairs,—
They never both came down!
The owl next day flew far away
Beyond the startled town.

That wicked owl! He ate the mouse,
And so broke up the boarding house.
And Katydid, who went and hid,
And Bobolink, who stopped to think,
And Whip-poor-will, who went to mill,
Were sorry for the mouse!

Lynn, Mass.

RHYMED PROVERBS.

bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
'A man who is drowning will catch at a straw,"
the world does not move just give it a push,"
While "Nothing but eels can be twisted like law!"

ue, "All is not gain that is got in the purse,"
but "An honest man's word is good as his bond;"
ough "It never is best to spur a free horse,"
tt "This side the fence is as good as beyond!"

s "The love that is hot is very soon cold,"
ut "What is worth doing is worth doing well,"
d while "Goods well bought are already half sold,"
ften "He who talks much has little to tell."

here's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip,"
While "Lending a horse you may get back his skin;"
he runs without looking is likely to trip,"
nd still, "Sense tumbles out as whiskey flows in!"

"Up like a rocket and down like the stick,"
nd "Look to the cat that is left with the cream,"
sponge is as hard to digest as a brick,"
ut "Never swap horses while crossing a stream!"

G. E. E.

ynn, July 25, 1882.

A Study in Rhyme."

EDITOR OF TRANSCRIPT:—The New York bserver has recently observed that there are ords not possibly rhymed and gives them its readers:—Scarf, bilge, kiln, coif, culm d gulf. The same critical and excellent ligious paper declares that avenge and re-nge cannot be rhymed. Furthermore it is clared that the only possible rhymes for *ith* are *wraith* and permissibly *rath* as ggested by the witty Tom Hood in his Rhymester." The Observer gives these pressions of literary opinion in good faith, t like other critics previously committed on the same matter, without warrant in ct. The Observer is unfortunate in its il-stration of the use of *rath* as an adjective plying *before the time* when quoting Mil-n as saying "the rath promise which for-ken dies."

What Milton really wrote in his "Lycidas" was this:—

"Bring the rath primrose which forsaken dies."

Rath as here used clearly signifies *early*. The Observer says that from its (erroneous) quotation "naturally springs the thought

'In promise rath
Put thou no faith.'"

It is true that promises involving too much "previousness" are of little value, but to be consistent with Milton's true line the critic should suggest that we put "no faith" in the early *Primrose!* Now as to the old, revived claim regarding the impossible (?) rhymes. It is confidently said that there is no existing rhyme for *culm*. Let us see if there is not one;—

In the Wurtemberg city of Ulm
Beggars are glad to make beds of culm!
This paper is printed by force from culm
Of a sort unlike the beds at Ulm!

Also observe that—

England supplies good rhyme for *avenge*,
Consequently the same for *revenge*,—
Tis found in Druidic Stonehenge
Overlooked, ruined Stonehenge!

Again dear Observer attend:—

Oh, wretched man, soon turn'd a *wraith!*
Thy blooming joys ills daily *snathe!*
Cling thou to saving hand of *faith!*
Who seeks shall find, the Master *saith*—
For thee these words are written *rath!*

And here I give more rhymes, yet little sense:—

I am sure that I care not a straw if
Vain fashion to-day says, wear a coif,—
Swell it out like a bilge!
Twill suit the fair maids of Warsaw if
Worn by Fraulein Van Ilge!

Furthermore:—

That person might freeze at Avarf
In Greenland, who wears but a scarf!
While Reverend Frederick Miln
Might roast in a pottery kiln!

And finally:—

The doctors to save from death's gulf
Prescribe, sometimes, Hydrated Sulph.
Aceti. for feverish ills;
Or, the pellets prepared by De Wulf,—
His anti most-everything pills.

GEORGE E. EMERY.

1882.